To the Land of Content

By Richard Barker Shelton

The winter twilight was falling. Outside it was dull and gray and somber, but within the big, luxurious room where Robert Waid paced restlessly to and fro, the soft lights and the flickering fire on the hearth and the familiar backs of the many volumes on the well-filled shelves made a warmth and coziness all the more pronounced because of the dreary day without.

But for all the evidences of creature comfort about him Waid was strangely distraught. On the open desk in one corner of the room lay pens and paper and ink and in the waste basket beside it were several crumpled little balls—notes he had begun and then irritably destroyed, to begin all over again.

He paused in front of the flickering fire for a moment and with his hands behind his back stood staring fixedly at the leaping flames, his brows furrowed in deep and evidently unpleasant thought. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, indicative, seemingly, of his determination to begin the most unpleasant task, he caught up a half-burned cigar from an ash-tray on the table, flicked the ashes from it, lighted it and turned slowly to that open desk in the corner and its waiting contents.

But even as he took up the pen a whir of wheels sounded on the pavement without. He stepped to the window just as a carriage drew up to the curb and a smart footman, springing from the box, held open the door, while a trim, fur-clad figure stepped from within, crossed the curb and ran lightly up the steps.

Waid followed that figure with hungry eyes. Then a door opened and closed; light footsteps pattered up the

"Mr. Waid Left a Note for Me?"

stairs in the hall; the carriage rattled off through the gray dusk of the winter twilight and Waid, with set teeth and narrowed eyes, turned again to the desk.

He drew up a chair, picked up the pen again and dipped it into the bronze ink well; but after that he sat for a long time irresolute, staring fixedly at the desk.

Then, upstairs, he heard a voice, a low, pleasantly modulated voice, talking to one of the maids. He shut his teeth and resolutely pulled one of the blank sheets of paper toward him.

"My dear Ruth," he wrote.

"The crash has come. They have wiped me out. Norcross and the crowd he has with him have been too much for me. Everything is gone.

"I don't care so much for myself. I am not yet an old man and I have my two hands, as clear a head and as much energy and enthusiasm as ever. Indeed, I believe in some ways I shall welcome the struggle. They can embarrass me temporarily, but they can't down me.

"But I am frightfully sorry for you. I know what position and power have meant to you—that they were as the very breath of life to you. I realized how much happier you have been since wealth and a certain amount of prestige have come to us. I dread to think what the curtailing of these must mean to you

"I have managed to save out of the ruin and leave to you in your name the house here, the place at Cedarhurst and what will be, I fear, a pitifully inadequate income for you. It was the best I could do. You are to keep up what semblance of your happy days you can with it. By the time you read this I shall be on my way west to start afresh. I can't live here on this money I have managed to hold back from the wreck, for that is not my way. It would cause endless comment. I should feel I was sheltering behind your skirts. With you it will be different. I owe you this much at le[illegible]

Yours always,

"BOB."

He read the brief note through, was rather inclined to add to it a few things of a bit more personal nature, but upon second thought decided to let it stand as it was.

He folded the note, placed it in an envelope, addressed it to his wife and rang a bell on the table.

"Edward," he said, when the butler answered his summons, "give this note to Mrs. Waid at half-past seven. Not before—understand?"

Then, as the man slipped noiselessly out of the room, Waid donned his coat and hat and went stolidly down the front steps to the wintery street.

Ruth Waid, standing at the head of the stairs, had heard those brief instructions to Edward. No sooner was the front door closed behind her husband than she summoned Edward to her.

"Mr. Waid left a note for me?" she asked. Somehow she felt some vague premonition that trouble impended.

"It was to be delivered at half-past seven, ma'am," said the imperturbable Edward.

"Bring it to me now," she commanded.

Alone in her room above the stairs she read it, gasped and read it again. Then she called for the carriage and her wraps.

Ten minutes later she was bowling along the cheerless streets, covered now with a fine, powdery snow which was sifting down, toward the station.

Arrived there, she sent back the carriage, looked up on a time table the schedule of western trains and took up her vigil at the gates a half hour before the departure of each and waited there until the gates were closed as the train started.

It was not until nine o'clock that she saw her husband coming through the wide center arch to the train shed. She hurried away from the gate and from a distance watched him show his ticket, pass through the gate and down the platform. Then she, too, passed down the platform and boarded one of the ordinary coaches.

The train had pulled out into the cold night. The city was behind and in the white, open country, where lights were growing more and more infrequent, the train was gathering speed.

Robert Waid sat stolidly in his section of one of the sleepers, his face close to the frosty window pane, watching the white landscape slip past.

Ruth had read his note by this time, he reflected. She had probably wept over it perfunctorily and then called up Hastings, the attorney, to see what provision had been made for her. He smiled to himself as he fancied her relief when she found it was so ample.

Some one had sat down beside him without so much as asking leave. Waid turned, stared in unbelief, and then sat up very straight.

"Ruth!" he cried.

Silently her hand was slipped into his own, just as it had been wont to do in those old, old days—the days of the first struggles, when they had sat together in the shadows of evening, building air castles together and dreaming great dreams.

"Where are you going?" he stammered at length, inanely.

"Where are you going?" she asked very quietly.

"Me? I don't know. West somewhere. I'm going to start over. I'm—"

She smiled and her fingers tightened about his own.

"Then that is where I am going. West somewhere, to start all over with you."

"You can't," he said, almost harshly. "It means—"

"Don't I know what it means?" she asked. "Work, work, fight and struggle, just as it was in those glorious days before. And in the evenings we'll dream our dreams and build our air castles all over again. Oh, Robert, you silly, silly boy, you thought it was what we got that I cared for; but you were wrong. It was the struggle that was the real fun—the fight against odds, close together, oh, so very close together in those days, Bob, dear, you and I."

In the back of the car two grinning porters watched a couple in a certain section and nudged each other delightedly.

"One o' dem yere spoony middle-aged honeymoons," said the first.

"Uh-huh," assented Number Two. "Oughter fall fer good fat tips, de ole boy had."

How to Keep Cut Flowers.

Choose flowers that are not quite fully out and cut them early in the morning with long stems. Arrange them not too close together in a vase deep enough to immerse two-thirds of the stems. By previously putting some pieces of charcoal in the vase the water can be kept sweet, but in any case it should be changed every five or six days. Keep the vase always full of water. Keep the flowers in a cool but not draughty place.

Certain flowers do much better if a small portion of the stem is cut off, especially if they have been carried a long way, and a certain number are better for slicing the stems up, so as let them absorb the water more easily. This is especially so with flowers that are not to go off quickly, like the hellebores.—From Gardening Illustrated.

Ask Yourself This:

What are you going to do, my brother, for the higher side of human life? What contribution are you going to make of your strength, your time, your influence, your money, your self, to make a cleaner, fuller, happier, larger, nobler life possible for some of your fellow men?—Henry Van Dyke.

But Lawyers Must Live.

It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestations, without wondering at the depravity of those beings of promise by such formal and public evidences.—Johnson.

Cupid and the Proprieties

By Catherine M. Patterson

Monday morning was drawing perilously near and the party had just broken up. It was one of Patricia Norton's regular Sunday night supper parties, whose guest list never numbered more than eight and usually less—and the Falwells and Jimmie Brent were the latest stayers. Mrs. Falwell and her husband were just leaving. Mrs. Falwell and her husband! It was always that way, not that Mrs. Falwell was the more important of the two or was the possessor of any mental, moral or physical superiority, but it just naturally was. Even the society writers had fallen into the habit of saying: "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So had as guests in their box at the opera last night Mr. and Mrs. Some-One-or-Other and Mrs. Falwell, the latter wearing a toilet of white satin with duchesse and pearls. Mr. Falwell was there also." The last was apparently an afterthought and no one would have missed it if fate, in the shape of the make-up man in the composing room, had removed the statement to make the column fit into the page form. Yet every one liked Mr. Falwell and he himself seemed quite content with things as they were.

Jimmie Brent had risen with the Falwells, but after they had gone he still remained. In his hand he held a half smoked cigar.

"May I stay until I finish this?" he inquired, indicating his weed.

"Surely," said Patricia.

"Brent promptly knocked off not only the ashes, but the live end of the

"I'd Never Do That."

cigar. Patricia's eyebrows went up inquiringly.

"Your motive, Jimmie?" she questioned.

"You said I should stay until I finished this cigar," holding it off and admiring its proud, brown beauty.

"But I don't expect you to be forever doing it."

"Forever!" mused Jimmie. "I'd like to make this last forever."

"Jimmie Brent, you are coming back to a forbidden subject. Finish that cigar in five minutes—for then out you go."

"Do you mean that, Patricia?" making no move to light his cigar and—if possible—settling himself still more comfortably in his chair. "May I ask how you are going to do it? You can't use brute force, you know."

"I shan't attempt to do it myself," she said, with dignity. "I shall call Aunt Nancy, and if she can't accomplish it she will call the janitor."

"Call Aunt Nancy? Good. She thinks you are making the mistake of all the many mistakes of your life in so persistently refusing to marry me. Call Aunt Nancy in if you wish, she is on my side."

"I should say she is. She made the coffee so strong tonight that if it had wanted to do so it could have walked off bodily with this entire apartment. And all that because 'Mar'se Brent he likes his cawfee dat strong dat if de cup was ter bre'k de cawfee would 'most stand up alone.'"

"All of which goes to prove my point. As for the janitor, nice sort of a name you would have if one of your Sunday nights ended in a disgraceful brawl between the janitor and one of your guests."

"Nice sort of name I'll have, anyway, if you stay here much later," muttered Patricia, glancing at the clock. "Those new people across the hall are taking a lively interest in me as it is, and they have been here only a week."

"You don't say so!" offered Jimmie, politely, covering his lips quickly with his hand, ostensibly to conceal a yawn.

"Jimmie, you are sleepy. Please go home."

"Haven't finished my cigar."

"You are not likely to if you don't get busy and smoke it."

"I'm not in a hurry, thank you. But about those new people across the hall, Patricia? Tell me more about them. What do you think of them?"

"I think they are horrid," said Patricia in a tone that bore the hallmark of conviction. "I've seen only two members of the family, but they are enough. There is an old, gray-haired woman, so lean and angular you could use her for a costumer. She owns a barbed-wire voice that corresponds perfectly with her hatchet-face."

"Barbed-wire voice, hatchet-face," repeated Jimmie. "She is perfectly safe from me. But what sort of person is she? Your description doesn't reveal that little detail."

"Oh, doesn't it? Then perhaps the fact that she discusses the other people in the apartment building with the servants may throw some light on the subject."

"It does help some. But what has she said about—about—well, about you, for instance?"

"Well, she said that if I were not—" Patricia stopped in the middle of her speech, and her face flushed.

"Go on. What did she say?"

"She said," repeated Patricia, with an effort, "that if I was not engaged to you I ought to be, and—"

"My sentiments exactly. The lady of the hatchet-face is not such a bad sort, after all. But to go on. What else?"

"She said it was disgraceful the number of times that you come here, and the lateness of your stay is always perfectly shocking. And those are my sentiments, Jimmie; you simply must go."

"Not until you have promised to become Mrs. J. Brent before the year is over."

"I'd never do that."

"Very well, then, here I'll sit. Meantime, take heed unto yourself and remember the hour."

"I am remembering it, Jimmie. Please, please go. Finish your cigar as you cross the park."

"No, thank you; that isn't included in my campaign plans. Tell me more about these interesting people. Who is the second member of the family that you know?"

"A horrid, freckled boy, who is the most ubiquitous person with whom it has ever been my misfortune to come in contact. He is always in the halls and lately he has insisted on posting my letters for me. Fairly snatches them out of my hand and races off like mad. I can't stir any more without finding him at my heels."

"You seem to have made a conquest, and, after the manner of womankind in general, you don't appreciate it. By the way, how did all those remarks of the hatchet-faced one reach your ears? That point isn't quite clear to me."

"Aunt Nancy told me. The woman herself and the janitor, to whom my most estimable neighbor across the way has also been talking, it seems, told Aunt Nancy."

"But, Patricia, what was that you said about people listening to tales from servants, and talking to them?"

"Jimmie, you are horrid. It is different with Aunt Nancy. She is—"

"A dear, as I have always maintained," interrupted Jimmie. "But come, Patricia. Aren't you going to accept me this time?"

"No, I am not. Oh, Jimmie, it is one o'clock. Please go."

"Can't help it if it is 5 o'clock a. m. Patricia, you know you love me, only you are too contrary to admit it. You have kept me in suspense for six long years and that is more than enough. Moreover, you have yourself to think of. If the people across the hall have noticed my numerous and late visits, so have the other people in the building."

"Stop!" cried Patricia. "Please, please don't say anything more like that. And won't you go home?"

"I will not until you promise to be my wife, Patricia," and, rising quickly, Brent crossed to Patricia, who also had risen. He took her in his arms. Patricia attempted to free herself.

"Promise me, Patricia, that you will be my wife," coaxed Jimmie, gently, but there was underneath it all a stern tone that implied that the man would brook delay no longer.

"Will you go at once if I do promise?"

"I'll go in five minutes. I want to tell you something first. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, Jimmie, I will marry you."

"Before the year is over?"

"Yes."

Brent bent and kissed her before he asked: "On your word of honor, in spite of what I am going to tell you? Oh, I promise you I haven't committed a penal offiense or disgraced the family in any way," he said, quickly, in answer to the glance of startled inquiry from Patricia.

"Tell me. You have my word, and that once given holds good for all time."

Brent bent and kissed the face he held between his hands before he spoke. "Patricia, I am the main part of the new family that has just moved into the apartment across the hall."

"You!" gasped Patricia. "And, and the woman with the awful face and voice? They are dreadful, even if she is related to you."

"But she isn't a relation of mine, so don't look so distressed. She will not come to pay us long visits. She is a most estimable woman, however, and my—housekeeper."

"And the boy?"

"The 'horrid imp,' which I believe was the affectionate and tender term you used in conjunction with him, is my young brother, who, by the way, thinks that you are the one woman. And all those tales were purely my own invention, carried to the right person by my faithful housekeeper. You see, dear, I was getting desperate. Remember, you have promised, on your word of honor, to marry me; so there is to be no retraction of your promise."

"Marry you? I certainly will," said Patricia, positively, "if for no other reason than to keep my eye on you in the future and prevent your doing something still worse. But do you remember your own promise to go?"

"Yes; and I'll go," said Jimmie, snatching up his cigar from the chimney piece. "Only I'll smoke this, not as I cross the park, but as I cross the hall."

Kentucky Fair Dates.

Providence, August 2—4 days.
Versailles, August 3—4 days.
Danville, August 3—3 days.
Lexington, August 8—6 days.
Taylorsville, August 9—4 days.
Uniontown, August 9—5 days.
Harrodsburg, August 9—4 days.
Russell Springs, August 9—3 bays.
Melbourne.Augsut 9—3 days.
Newport, August 10—3 days.
Vanceburg, August 10—3 days
Lawrenceburg, August 16—4 days.
Leitchfield, August 16—3 days.
Burkesville, August 16—3 days.
Shepherdsville, August 17—3 days
Broadhead, August 17—3 days.
Ewing, August 17—4 days.
Perryville, August 17—2 days.
Shelbyville, August 23—4 days.
London, August 23—4 days.
Erlanger, August 24—4 days.
Germantown, August 24—3 days.
Springfield, August 24—3 days.
Liberty, August 26—2 days.
Somerset, August 30—3 days.
Paducah, August 30—3 days.
Nicholasville, August 30—3 days.
Fern Creek, August 30—4 days.
Hardinsburg, August 30—3 days.
Barbourville, August 31—2 days.
Bardstown, August 31—3 days.
Tompkinsville,September 1—3 days.
Franklin, September 1—3 days.
Middlesboro, September 6—3 days.
Hodgenville, September 6—2 days.
Elizabethtown,September 6—4 days.
Alexandria, September 6—4 days.
Paris, September 6—4 days.
Florence, September 6—3 days.
Monticello, September 6—3 day.
Hodgenville, September 6—3 days.
Sanders, September 7—3 days.
Mayfield, September 7—3 days.
Glasgow, September 14—4 days.
Scottsville, September 16—3 days.
Horse Cave, September 21—3 days.
Morgantown, September 22—2 days.
Falmouth, September 28—4 days.
Owensboro, October 4—4 days.
Bedford, October 7—2 days.
Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, September 12—6 days.

FOR SALE—A 1906 model Columbia, chainless, 64-110 gear bicycle, new tires; in good condition. $25.00 no less. C. B. Brewer, Elkton, R.F. D. 2, or Cumb. 'phone, 129-4 Pembroke exchange.

Summer Tourist Fares.

The Illinois Central will sell round trip summer tourist tickets from May 15th, 1910, to September 20th, 1910, at reduced rates to points in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Canada, Colorado, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mexico, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

For further information call on ticket agent Illinois Central in regard to rates, routes, etc. Let us assist you in planning your most convenient and pleasant summer trip. T. L. Morrow, Agent.

Biennial Encampment and Convention of Supreme Knights of Pythlas Milwaukee, Wis.

Account of the above occasion the Illinois Central will sell tickets to Milwaukee, Wis., and return at rate of $14.75. Dates of sale July 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1910. Final return limit. Aug. 13th, 1910. For further information call on ticket agent.

T. L. Morrow, Agent.

Look: Look:

Another Popular Low rate excursion to Evansville, and Henderson, $1.50 round trip, Thursday July 28th via Illinois Central R. R. Special train leaves Hopkinsville 6:30 a. m. Returning special train will leave Evansville 7:00 p. m. same date.

PLENTY OF ATTRACTIONS—Henderson Fair at Henderson, Parks and Theaters and Theaters at Evansville.

You should not fail to take advantage of this Excursion as it may be the last of the season.

For further information call on ticket agent T. L. MORROW,

Cumb. Phone 55-2.
Home Phone 1424.

Henderson Dounty Fair, Henderson, Ky., July 26-30.

Account of the above occasion the Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets to Henderson, Ky., at rate of $2.45. Date of sale July 26 to 30, inclusive. Return limit August 1, 1910. For further information call or write ticket agent. Phones, Home 1424, Cumb. 45-2.

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